



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.  
AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES AND TRUST FUNDS.

It has been customary in many sections of the Union, for the cities or locations where the annual shows and fairs of State agricultural societies are held, to get up a guaranty fund, which is to indemnify the society against loss in consequence of coming there with the show. That is—if from any cause such as the location, or stormy weather, the receipts of the society from the sale of tickets shall not meet the expenses, an assessment is to be made upon the fund subscribed sufficient to make up the deficiency. This is considered by many as objectionable; and hence, in some locations, they have discontinued this practice, and make up a purse of money, and say to the society, "this is yours, provided you come here with your show this year." Bids are thus made between rival localities, payable in ready cash, and the society runs all further risk about paying their bills. Experience proves that cities can well do this and make money to their community by the operation.

So well convinced were some of the members of the Maryland legislature of this fact, that we see by the American Farmer, when the question of granting aid to their State society came up, that they argued that the city of Baltimore, where their show is always held, ought to give the aid requested, inasmuch as it (the city) always made not less than \$100,000 by the influx of money to them at such times. Those who opposed the move to make Baltimore grant the aid, acknowledged the fact that she received as much as that amount of money on every such occasion, but argued that the farmers of the State ought to help support such an institution, it having been established for the promotion of their particular interests.

We see by the same number of the American Farmer, that a similar system has hitherto been practiced in Virginia. The city of Richmond has hitherto had the shows of their State society held there, the city council having voted to present the society \$10,000, as an inducement for bringing the show to that place. But this year they have lost it, because the city of Petersburg voted to present the society \$40,000, and in addition to this, agreed to pay what was necessary to meet all the expenses of the fair, if the gate receipts were not sufficient to pay it. The city of Wheeling voted to give the same society \$10,000, if the show should be brought there; but the distance of that city was so great from the center of the State that the Trustees thought it not best to accept the proposal. The editor of the Southern Planter, in speaking of the removal of the Virginia society's show and fair from Richmond to Petersburg, estimates that the amount of money left in the city during every fair is not less than \$100,000, and that 20 per cent. of this, or \$20,000, is clear gain; and he thinks that the city, in offering only \$10,000 of this, and pocketing \$19,000, as clear profit, is making too much fat; and that if she cannot offer more than \$10,000, the show ought to be removed to the city that is willing to be more liberal.

We think, from the experiences of the past, that it is a more just and business-like way for those cities that are desirous of having the State fair held with them, to pay over, in advance, a pretty liberal portion of the money that will be left among her citizens in consequence of the influx of visitors who may come among them on the occasion.

The citizens of New Brunswick, in New Jersey, last year gave their State society the privilege of having the show there, \$12,000 in cash, and in addition to that, they furnished them the grounds free, and graded, under the supervision of the Society, but at their own expense, a half mile track, thirty feet wide.

**CATAWISSA RASPBERRY.**  
A correspondent who signs his query with the name of "Juvenile Farmer," asks if we can tell him what the properties of the Catawissa raspberry are, and whether it will grow in Maine. All the raspberries will grow in Maine and bear well, although some of them will want slight protection during the winter, and this is one of that kind, although it is quite hardy and will in time become acclimated.

Mr. J. Pierce, of Washington (District of Columbia), we believe, was the first to bring this variety before the public. The parent bush was found wild, if we mistake not, in one of the middle States, and attracted attention from the fact of its producing berries until frost came.

Prof. Page, of Washington, in a communication to Hovey's Magazine in Sept. last, recommends it highly. He says that it commences ripening soon after the Red Antwerp of the gardens is gone, and continues to bear unchecked until frost comes. He recommends it very highly as a parent from which to produce new varieties, which varieties, as far as his experience goes, are all ever-bearing—that is, will produce fruit all summer. In regard to the Catawissa, he says, "I have in one instance a *fac simile* of the wild black raspberry, such as I gathered (under the name of *the noble berry*), when a boy in the old fields around Salem Mass. I have two orange colored seedlings of delicious flavor and vigorous growth. Also one scarlet, similar in flavor to the wild scarlet of New England, which is just beginning to ripen and will go on to bear through the season."

Mr. Hovey, the Editor of the magazine, corroborates Prof. Page's assertions in regard to the value of the Catawissa as a parent from which to produce new and valuable ever-bearing varieties of raspberries. "Of the prodigiousness of the Catawissa," he says, "there is no doubt. The hardiness of constitution will undoubtedly enable us in time to secure not only a variety of extraordinary quality, but of much greater hardiness than any we have, and with a perpetual bearing habit which will supply us with an

abundance of fruit up to the latest period of the year."

From these facts, we feel justified in saying to our "juvenile farmers," as well as the older ones, obtain and cultivate the Catawissa and other ever-bearing varieties of the raspberry. Poh! say some of the old fogies—what's the use? Aren't the woods and old fields full of raspberries that cost only the picking of them? Yes, very good ones too, but how long do they last? They come early, are delicious, and are soon gone. Now, if by a small outlay in the first cost and a little labor every year, you obtain a variety that will bear excellent fruit until hard frosts come, don't you gain something? Yes, Well, that's the use; and a good use it is, too.

**BOUND TO ENGLAND.**  
We see it announced, that our old friend and fellow laborer, Sanford Howard, Editor of Boston Cultivator, has been engaged by the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, to visit England and purchase choice stock for them. The Society has thus made a good selection. Mr. Howard is a good judge of stock, and is well posted in the history and pedigrees of the different breeds, and well understands the merits and demerits of each. His mission will probably be to select and purchase for the Society, the best of Durhams, Herefords, Devons, and such like aristocrats of the barnyard. This is all right, and we are glad that there is one State Ag. Society that has both funds and good sense to aid in introducing such stock improving that of our country.

If we had spare cash enough, we would also commission him to look among some of the barnyard plebeians and bring home a few Galloways and West Highlanders, to people some of the hills of Maine with. If the Herdbookers should scorn their company they could come in the "steamer."

For the Maine Farmer.

**THOUGHTS ON SAVING MANURE.**

Mr. Editor:—As it is somewhat uncomfortable outside, this afternoon, and having at present nothing new and interesting to read, I thought I would pen a few running thoughts upon the economy of a careful and judicious method of preserving farm manure, together with some experiments and passing observations, and sketches of conversations with individuals upon the subject. By this means my remarks may answer for a text for you to give us a sermon that will be useful and instructive, upon the subject under consideration. Although we must acknowledge that you have given us line upon line, and precept upon precept, yet it is equally necessary to often stir up the mind by way of remembrance. Although this subject is one which should interest every farmer, yet, as a body, we are too dilatory altogether.

How often do we see the farmer neglect the necessary fixtures about his premises for the safe protection and preservation of his manure, leaving it exposed to the rain and atmosphere, with his barn so situated that all the wash runs into the street, or some waste place. The yard also is located in the same thoughtless manner, and in some instances occupies a portion of the roadside, to avoid the necessity of taking land for that purpose that they have to pay taxes upon. What economy! Yet, there is still another and more destructive practice, viz.: having no enclosure at all, allowing their stock to roam wherever they please, to annoy their neighbors, and seek shelter under the lee side of some fence or barn, or some friendly grove. What humanity! What more destructive practice can a farmer be guilty of? From experiments I have made, I am satisfied that manure, kept in a proper state, in a well constructed cellar, is worth double that which is allowed to remain exposed to the sun, rain, and atmosphere, and by using absorbents and having the cellar under the lean-to, so that the liquid as well as the dry excrements may be preserved, you will add again 100 per cent., which I think worthy of the consideration of every farmer.

In conversation with a friend, the other day, I observed that, in the yard of every farmer who allowed the droppings of his cattle to remain exposed to the rain and atmosphere during summer, full fifty per cent. of its fertilizing properties had left for parts to him unknown.

Why, said he, that cannot be. I get twenty loads of manure and I have only six cows, one yoke of oxen, and a few young creatures, and I think that is as much as Mr. S. gets, and he has as many cattle as I have.

Very good, but do you think that you raise as much corn from every cord of manure as Mr. S. gets?

I do not know as to that, I have never been very particular about watching my neighbors, to know who raises the most corn; but one thing I do know, that cellar of his cost him some hard days work, and I never thought it worth much, any how. And then, when he is carting his manure it smells so disagreeable, while mine, why, I would as soon cart that as so much sand, and I cannot see but it is as good as his.

But look, neighbor,—see if I cannot convince you that Mr. S.'s method of preserving his manure is a good investment and in order to do that I will propose one question, and illustrate that. Do the fumes of old Java come in contact with your nasal organs, when you come around the breakfast table?

Yes, sir; no lady in old Kennebec can bear my life in making coffee.

Well, sir; now I will furnish your yearly supply of coffee, all burnt, ground, washed and dried, for one-half the sum you can get the raw coffee for, at any store on this river, from Bath to Moosehead Lake. Come, now, you are so careful to save labor in not building a barn cellar, why not save money? What say you to my offer?

Shall it be the pure Java, and well burnt? It shall, and washed well, too, and dried.

Well! Why, do you wash your coffee? We do, and that thoroughly, too.

Why do you wash it?

To relieve it of that terrible odor.

But will it not injure the quality of the coffee?

No more than the sun and rain injure your manure.

But first, tell me your process, that I may know that I am not cheated in the bargain.

I assure you, you will suffer no more loss by

the operation than by leaving your manure in the open air, exposed to the atmosphere, but as you are a neighbor, I do not wish to injure, but aid you. I will tell you my own plan of operation. My wife will brown as much as will serve for the family, and grind, not too fine, put it in the old coffee pot and apply the water, and when she is sure it has remained long enough to take away all that strong taste, so that when dried it could be handled with as little inconvenience as your rain-washed and sun-dried manure, then she will begin to draw and serve to all, to the nourishment of our inner man. Then I think I could afford what remained at half price, and make a good profit.

But what do you think I want of your coffee, after you have taken all the strength from it?

Why, as to that, I think, according to your theory, you would be as anxious to get that as the prudent farmer would be to buy your leached and sun-dried manure, when he could procure that which contained all its original fertilizing properties, viz.: ammonia and phosphoric acid, which are the principal ingredients necessary to ensure a good crop.

But who knows that there exists this difference in manure?

Any observing farmer who will make a practical demonstration of them. Yet it is mainly through the scientific analysis of the different kinds of manure, that we are indebted for much of the information that we possess.

But, Mr. Editor, as my text is getting quite as long as will be interesting, I will close my conversation with my neighbor, simply adding that he has commenced in good earnest to make himself a barn cellar, and as he is now started on the right track, you will probably soon have his name on your subscription list. A. HOAG.  
Gardner, April 17, 1888.

For the Maine Farmer.

**CULTURE OF POTATOES.**

Mr. Editor:—As the season for planting potatoes has arrived, and believing it important that the least information upon the cultivation of this excellent root free from disease, should be known, I venture to give the method I have practised for years, hoping that it may be useful to some of my brethren of the agricultural class, or that it may induce some of them to furnish a better.

I break up in the fall, or early spring, as much of my moving land as I want to plant with potatoes, and before planting, harrow it thoroughly, or, if the ground was broken up soon enough after having to admit of cross-ploughing it in the spring, I think it better to do so, and then harrow effectually, and furrow the ground, making the furrows not more than two or three inches deep and three feet apart, dropping a teaspoonful of plaster of Paris directly upon the seed potatoes, and then cover with a hoe, drawing the back back into the furrow all the way, and covering the potatoes lightly, just as lightly as will answer to insure their coming up in the shortest time; as the sooner they can be grown large enough to hoe; the quicker they may be brought to maturity. The planting should be done as early as the condition of the earth and the state of the weather will admit, and I hoe them by running a horse cultivator between the rows, and then a light horse plow, turning a furrow towards the hills and then hilling up a good sized handsome hill with the hoe.

I suppose I should explain somewhat by stating that this is a method of avoiding the potato disease, *neary*, and not one that would afford a great crop if there were no disease to contend with. In the first place, it will be perceived, I use no manure except plaster in the hill; next, plant early, putting all the seeds, if not too many, around the potatoes, not upon them, as that would retard their coming up, but as soon as the potatoes are large enough to admit of making a good hill around them. The philosophy of all this is, if I have it correctly, that barn manure causes the potatoes to rot, while plaster, though it promotes their growth more or less, according to the nature of the soil, does not induce the disease. The planting near the top of the ground and making a hill around the potatoes, is on the principle of keeping them as much as may be from too much wet; as it is probably well known that in the wettest seasons the disease prevails most, and least in those that are dry. By this course I have continued to raise the Philadelphia, alias Chenango, alias Mercer potatoes, through all the seasons of potato disease, not getting a large crop by any means, but compared with the general yield, a fair one, and of good quality.

I do not dig them until I think they have rotted what they will, and then have no trouble at putting them in the cellar. On and after the middle of the 10th month (October), has been about the right time for digging and harvesting. It seems to be better, if we wish to raise potatoes, to manage in a way to obtain some of good quality, rather than to manure old ground highly and lose the whole, or nearly so.

Vassalboro', May 5, 1888. J. H. COLE.

**WASHING HORSE'S LEGS.** In regard to the care of horses, Sir George Stephens says: "Whenever it is necessary to wash a horse's legs, do it to the morning. Most groomers act on a different principle, wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I am satisfied this is a bad practice. When the roads are dirty, and weather wet, and the legs are already soaked, washing can do no harm; but to deluge the legs with water the moment a horse enters the yard, heated with exercise, is to my mind as unnatural and absurd, as to jump into a shower bath, after playing an hour at cricket. My plan is a rubbing down with straw and dry brush, and the next morning wash as clean as soap and water can make them. Pick and wash the soles as soon as a horse comes in."

**SPRING ROOT BEES.** Take a handful each of yellow dock, dandelion and sarsaparilla roots, sawgrass bark, hops, and a little honey, and boil till the strength is extracted. To three gallons of the liquor, after it is strained, add one quart of molasses, and when cool enough three quarts of beer. Let it stand in a warm place 8 or 10 hours, then strain and bottle. It will be fit for use the next day, if the weather is warm.

**GRASS AROUND FRUIT TREES.** No one who has the least knowledge of the cultivation of fruit, will allow grass to grow around his young trees. It is a great drawback upon their growth and health. For several years, at least—and we would recommend it at all times—the soil should be kept pulverized around the trunks of fruit trees. Only give your trees as much attention as you give your cornfield, or your cabbage bed, and there will be no secret in the raising of superior crops of good fruit.

**A HINT.** In wet weather, the necks of working oxen are apt to become sore. To prevent this, rub a little tallow on the yoke and bows.

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**THE BEE MOOTH.**

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in the Farmer of Feb. 11th, a new method proposed for the destruction of the bee moth, which I would recommend to the careful attention of every bee-keeper.

I consider this a valuable method. It looks well in theory, and I doubt not, will work well in practice. But in order to derive the greatest amount of benefit from this mode of procedure, a thorough knowledge of the nature and habits of this pest is requisite. We want to know when this moth first comes forth to deposit her seed, and how long she remains in the moth state? Whether she dies immediately after performing this material act, or undergoes transformation, and again appears in some other form, to prey upon and destroy our bees?

Now, if these questions, and many others which naturally suggest themselves to our mind, could be satisfactorily answered by those who could speak from experience, we could take such steps in destroying, or frustrating the designs of the moth, as would ultimately lead to success in its destruction.

People who do not have the care of bees know but little of the manner in which the larva of the bee moth proceeds to destroy the honey and comb of the bees, nor of the amount of damage he is capable of performing, even in one season. A gentleman in Wayne told me that the larva performed an amount of injury to his hives equal to \$20, and this in one year (1887). A young swarm which came out of the parent hive in the spring was attacked by such a multitude of these robbers as to drive the bees from the hive. This, however, is an extraordinary case. They seldom attack young swarms in such numbers as to do them material injury. Old swarms suffer most.

When the larva becomes old and strong enough to commence operations, he gnaws and worms his way into the interior of the hive—if, indeed, he does not already find himself there, which he will, if the moth can enter and deposit her seed without injury or molestation—where he soon makes himself at home, perforating the comb in every direction, eating, gnawing, fattening—like some other creatures I wot of—on the products of others' industry and economy, and always enveloping himself in a web so thick and strong, as, in most cases, to effectually secure him against the attacks of the bees.

Now, let me ask you some other questions: At what age does this larva become transformed into a miller, or moth? And does it or not, always leave the hive to deposit its seed? If it does, then there is a chance to entrap him in a bowl of methuein, as suggested in the Farmer a few weeks since.

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W. S. MACOMBER.

Winthrop, Me., 1888.

**HOW DEEP SHALL WE PLOW?**

Who can answer this question? The first that arises on going into the field to cultivate. Shall it be four or twelve inches deep? or any intermediate quantity? It would seem, as all plants that grow make use of twelve inches or more of soil, that it should be stirred to this depth, if practicable. The best cultivators I know, adopt this practice. Those who plow less deep than this have more regard to ease of labor than profits of crops. I am quite well assured, that no one can grow a fair crop of Indian corn, wheat or barley, on shallow culture.

Some are afraid to start the hard pan or sub-soil, through fear of turning up a barren or unproductive substance. This is because they do not understand their business. The best way of guarding against drought, the chief bugbear of New England culture, is to plow deep and fertilize liberally; taking care to save manure from evaporation, by intermingling or covering it with soil.

I am not unmindful that no general rule can be prescribed that will be suited to all soils and to all crops; but still I think there are some principles, which are applicable, to some extent, to all crops. Among these, I believe, complete pulverization of the soil and complete intermingling of the manure will be found conspicuous. I have never known any crops to be prejudiced by this being done; but have often known them to suffer for the want of these operations. If cultivators would be vigilant in thus applying their energies, they would find their reward, in seasons of harvest. I have personal knowledge of a farm, where the soil was considered very gravelly and unproductive. On this farm, without ten years last past, deep plowing, say from nine to twelve inches, has generally been introduced. The consequence has been, crops have been grown equal to those on the best farms around. Whether deep plowing was the cause or not, I will leave for others to say.

[New England Farmer.]

**LENE HASTENS THE MATURITY OF THE CROP.** Johnson says:—"It is true of nearly all our cultivated crops, but especially those of corn (wheat), that their full growth is attained more speedily when the land is limed, and that they are ready for the harvest from ten to fourteen days earlier. This is the case even with buckwheat, which becomes sooner ripe, though it yields no larger a return, when lime is applied to the land on which it is grown." Have our readers any experience on this point?

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Who can answer this question? The first that arises on going into the field to cultivate. Shall it be four or twelve inches deep? or any intermediate quantity? It would seem, as all plants that grow make use of twelve inches or more of soil, that it should be stirred to this depth, if practicable. The best cultivators I know, adopt this practice. Those who plow less deep than this have more regard to ease of labor than profits of crops. I am quite well assured, that no one can grow a fair crop of Indian corn, wheat or barley, on shallow culture.

Some are afraid to start the hard pan or sub-soil, through fear of turning up a barren or unproductive substance. This is because they do not understand their business. The best way of guarding against drought, the chief bugbear of New England culture, is to plow deep and fertilize liberally; taking care to save manure from evaporation, by intermingling or covering it with soil.

I am not unmindful that no general rule can be prescribed that will be suited to all soils and to all crops; but still I think there are some principles, which are applicable, to some extent, to all crops. Among these, I believe, complete pulverization of the soil and complete intermingling of the manure will be found conspicuous. I have never known any crops to be prejudiced by this being done; but have often known them to suffer for the want of these operations. If cultivators would be vigilant in thus applying their energies, they would find their reward, in seasons of harvest. I have personal knowledge of a farm, where the soil was considered very gravelly and unproductive. On this farm, without ten years last past, deep plowing, say from nine to twelve inches, has generally been introduced. The consequence has been, crops have been grown equal to those on the best farms around. Whether deep plowing was the cause or not, I will leave for others to say.

[New England Farmer.]

**LENE HASTENS THE MATURITY OF THE CROP.** Johnson says:—"It is true of nearly all our cultivated crops, but especially those of corn (wheat), that their full growth is attained more speedily when the land is limed, and that they are ready for the harvest from ten to fourteen days earlier. This is the case even with buckwheat, which becomes sooner ripe, though it yields no larger a return, when lime is applied to the land on which it is grown." Have our readers any experience on this point?

**GRASS AROUND FRUIT TREES.** No one who has the least knowledge of the cultivation of fruit, will allow grass to grow around his young trees. It is a great drawback upon their growth and health. For several years, at least—and we would recommend it at all times—the soil should be kept pulverized around the trunks of fruit trees. Only give your trees as much attention as you give your cornfield, or your cabbage bed, and there will be no secret in the raising of superior crops of good fruit.

**A HINT.** In wet weather, the necks of working oxen are apt to become sore. To prevent this, rub a little tallow on the yoke and bows.

For the Maine Farmer.

**THE BEE MOOTH.**

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in the Farmer of Feb. 11th, a new method proposed for the destruction of the bee moth, which I would recommend to the careful attention of every bee-keeper.

I consider this a valuable method. It looks well in theory, and I doubt not, will work well in practice. But in order to derive the greatest amount of benefit from this mode of procedure, a thorough knowledge of the nature and habits of this pest is requisite. We want to know when this moth first comes forth to deposit her seed, and how long she remains in the moth state? Whether she dies immediately after performing this material act, or undergoes transformation, and again appears in some other form, to prey upon and destroy our bees?

Now, if these questions, and many others which naturally suggest themselves to our mind, could be satisfactorily answered by those who could speak from experience, we could take such steps in destroying, or frustrating the designs of the moth, as would ultimately lead to success in its destruction.











## The Muse.

## THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

It stands in a sunny meadow,  
The house so sunny and brown,  
With its gambrel old stone chimney,  
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it—  
The trees a century old,  
And the winds go chanting through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowbells spring in the meadows,  
The roses bloom on the hill,  
And beside the brook in the pasture  
The herds go feeding at will.

Within, in the old kitchen,  
The old folks sit in the sun,  
That creep through the sheltering woodbine,  
Till the day is almost done.

The children have gone and left them;  
They sit in the fun alone!  
And the old wife's ears are falling  
As she hears the well known tone.

That won't her heart in her girlhood—  
That has notched her in many a care—  
And prides her now for the brightness  
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bride—  
How, dressed in her robe of white,  
She stood by her gay young lover  
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rose as ever,  
But the rose from her cheek is fled;  
And the sunshine still is golden,  
But it falls on a silver head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,  
Come back in her winter time,  
Till her feeble pulses tremble  
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And, looking forth from the window,  
She thinks how the trees have grown  
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,  
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes bright years,  
And dimmed her hair's young gold,  
The love in girlhood blighted  
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine  
Till the day was almost done,  
And then at its close, an angel  
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—  
He touched their eyelids with balm,  
And their last breath fled outward,  
Like the close of a solemn psalm!

Like a bride, part, they traversed  
The unseen, mystical road,  
That leads to the Beautiful City,  
Where "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps, in that miracle-moment,  
They will give her lost youth back,  
And the flowers of the vanished spring-time  
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters  
Shall call back her husband's prime;  
And eternal youth shall be theirs,  
The love that outlasted time.

But the shadows that lie behind them,  
The wrinkles and silver hair—  
Made holy to us by the kisses  
The angel had printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,  
When the day is low in the west,  
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,  
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no toll-tale tombstone,  
With its age and date to rise,  
O'er the two who are old no longer,  
In the Father's house in the skies.

THE POT OF GOLD.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the village of Centerville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, "a pretty sharp eye to the main chance"—a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances, the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a help meet to share his house and name. But the deacon was weary. Matrimony was to him in some measure a matter of o'clock, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly property. Unhappily, the little village of Centerville and the towns in the immediate vicinity contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of those there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

So it happened that year after year passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all human probability likely to remain so.

Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow.

The Widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four years younger than Deacon Bancroft. She was still quite a comely woman. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small, old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her and a little son of seven, though hardly to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which of course imposed upon her, considerable labor and anxiety.

It is surprising then that under these circumstances she should now and then have beheld herself of a second marriage, as a method of bettering her condition? Or again, need we deem it a special wonder, if, in her reflections upon this point, she should have cast her eyes upon her neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He could be said to maintain a life in great comfort; and being one of the chief persons in the village, could accord her a prominent social position.

He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression upon the female heart—his face was true—but he was of a good disposition, kind hearted, and would not doubt make a very good sort of a husband. A desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered; for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him. Here was a chance for flattery.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, the Widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting room, with her feet resting upon the fender.

"If I ever am so situated as not to have to work so hard," she murmured, "I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If it was only as well as Deacon Bancroft."

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by and by her face brightened up. She had an idea, which she was resolved to put into execution at the very earliest practicable moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Henry," said she to her son, the next morning, "I want you to stop at Deacon Bancroft's, as you go along to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Deacon Bancroft was a little surprised at the summons. However, about 11 o'clock, he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

"Henry told me that you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, Deacon Bancroft, I do, but I am much afraid you will think strange of it—at least, of what I may have to say to you."

The deacon very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was visibly excited.

"Suppose," said the widow casting down her eyes—"I am only supposing a case—suppose a person should find a pot full of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?"

The deacon picked up his ears.

"A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why, unquestionably, the law would have nothing to do with it."

"And the one who had formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, deacon?" inquired the widow, further with apparent anxiety.

"No, madam, unquestionably not. When the house was disposed of everything went with it."

"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur in my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the deacon, abstractedly.

"And, deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon, rising; "I'm much obliged to you, but they'll be expecting me home."

"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "you won't object to taking a piece of mince pie; you must know that I pride myself on my mince pies."

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor, that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after a little more chatting upon unimportant subjects, he withdrew in some mental perplexity.

"Was it possible," thought he, "that the widow could really have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so much to be sure, but why should she show so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of treasure thus found, if she had not happened upon some?"

To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who had occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and undoubtedly had had many occupants of whom he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the supposition.

"I will wait and watch," thought the deacon. It so happened that Deacon Bancroft was one of the Directors in a Savings' Institution, situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month to attend meetings of the board.

On the next occasion of this kind, the Widow Wells sent over to know if he would carry her with him, as she had a little business to attend to there.

The request was readily accorded. Arrived in the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank.

"Ha! ha!" thought the deacon, "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to do so, and find out as he could, readily from the cashier, what business she had with the bank.

The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look nonchalant.

"Can you give me small bills for a five dollar gold piece?" she asked.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in a flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as five thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier, with some surprise, "rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Did you know of any one who?"

"It is of no consequence," said the widow, hurriedly; "I only asked for curiosity. By the way did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as came within your limit?"

"Five per cent, madam."

"Thank you, I only asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is!"

The widow tripped lightly out. Shortly afterwards the deacon entered.

"How is business Mr. Cashier?" he enquired.

"About as usual."

"I brought over a lady this morning who seemed to have business with you."

"The Widow Wells?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whether she has had any money left her lately?"

"None that I know of," said the deacon, pricking up his ears. "Why? Did she deposit any?"

"No," replied the cashier, "but she asked whether we received deposits as high as five thousand dollars."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the deacon. "Was that all she came for?" he enquired a moment afterwards.

"No," she exchanged a gold piece for some bills."

"Ha!" pondered the deacon, reflectively, "did she give any reason for enquiring?"

"No," she said she only asked for curiosity."

The deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this "curiosity" only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had actually found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was equal to five thousand dollars. The gold piece which she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm this theory.

"I rather think," said the deacon, complacently, "I can see into a millstone about as far as most people,"—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, though, as to the prime fact of people's being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind.

Next Sunday the Widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these—

"How much vanity some people have to be sure!"

"How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such a bonnet is more than I can tell! I should think that she was old enough to know better."

This last remark was made by a lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempts to catch a husband had hitherto proved unavailing.

"I suppose," continued the same lady, "she's trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I would condescend to such means I'd 'drown myself.'"

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth.

The widow had calculated shrewdly, and the display had the effect she anticipated.

Monday afternoon, Deacon Bancroft found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be about tea time. He was important to stay at tea, and, somewhat to his surprise, arrived, indeed.

The polite widow, who knew the deacon's weak point, brought on one of her best mince pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with

"You'll take another piece I know," said she persuasively.

"Really, I am ashamed," said the deacon, and he passed his plate. "The fact is," he said apologetically, "your pies are so nice I don't know where to stop."

"Do you call these nice," said the widow modestly. "I only call them common. I can make mince pies when I set out to, but this time I didn't have as good luck as usual."

"I shouldn't want any better," said the deacon emphatically.

"Then I hope you like them, you'll drop in to tea often. We ought to be more neighborly, Deacon Bancroft."

Deacon Bancroft assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is the deacon began to think that the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook! Besides he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable sum of money. What objection would there be to her becoming Mrs. Bancroft? He brought this question before her one evening. The widow blushed—professed to be greatly surprised—but she had never thought of the thing in her life—but on the whole, she had always thought highly of the deacon, and to cut the matter short accepted him.

A month afterwards she was installed as mistress of the deacon's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over.

Some weeks after the ceremony, the deacon ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in her cellar.

"Put of gold!" she exclaimed in surprise, "I know of none."

"But," said the deacon, disconcerted, "you know you asked me about whether the law could claim it."

"O, for Deacon, I only asked for curiosity."

"And was that the reason you made inquiries at the bank?"

"Why, certainly. What else could it have been?"

The deacon went out the barn, and for about half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of that time he ejaculated as a consideration, "after all she makes good mince pies!"

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the deacon and the widow proved a very happy one, although to the end of his life, he never could quite make up his mind about "That Pot of Gold."

## THE SONG OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

BY GEORGE W. MORRIS.

Set to music and dedicated to the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, by H. C. Watson.

I'm the Iron Needle-Woman!

Wrought of sterner stuff than clay;  
And, unlike the dullest human,  
Never weary night nor day;  
Never shedding tears of sorrow,  
Never mourning friends untrue,  
Never caring for the morrow,  
Never begging work to do.

Poverty brings no disaster!  
Merrily I glide along;  
For no thanksless, sordid master,  
Ever seeks to me wrong;  
No extortioners oppress me,  
No children to my grief I dread—  
I'm no children to distress me,  
With unmeaning cries for bread.

I'm of hardy form and feature,  
For endurance framed aright;  
I'm not pale misfortune's creature,  
Doom'd life's battle here to fight;  
Mine's a song of cheerful measure,  
And no under-current flows  
To destroy the chords of pleasure  
Which the poor so seldom know.

In the hall I hold my station,  
With the wealthy ones of earth,  
Who command me to the station  
For economy and worth;  
While unpaid the female labor,  
In the attic-chamber lone,  
Where the smile of friend or neighbor  
Never for a moment comes.

My creation is a blessing  
To the indigent secured,  
Banishing the cares distressing  
Which so many have endured;  
Mine are strong and sturdy fingers,  
Ribs of oak and nerves of steel—  
I'm the Iron Needle-Woman  
Born to toil and not to feel.

THE ENGLISH POST OFFICE. The report of the English Postmaster General says that the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom in 1857 amounted to 504,000,000 (an average proportion of 17 to each person), being an increase of 54 per cent. on the year 1856. In England each person receives 21 letters, in Scotland 10, and in Ireland only 7. The number of letters is more than sixfold what it was the year before the introduction of penny postage. The average annual increase is about five per cent. London has a quarter of all the letters. The city of Manchester posts more letters than the empire of Russia.

The gross revenue of the Post Office last year was £3,055,713. (2,928,585 for postage.) and the net revenue of the Post Office was £1,322,237 against £1,194,398 in 1856—an increase of £127,840. The staff of Post Office servants on December 31, 1857, numbered 23,731, including 11,101 postmasters, 1010 clerks, 205 guards, and 10,582 letter carriers, messengers, &c. Of this staff about 2000 belong to the chief office in London, and 3200 (including these 2000) to the London district.

Why is petticoat government stronger now than formerly? Because it is iron-bound.

What is the shape of a kiss? Round I suppose. Not exactly; it is a lip-tickle.

## A NEW EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

We are glad to hear that an expedition to the North Pole is contemplated. It has always seemed to us, that after it was found that there was no north-west passage, except in so high a latitude as to make it impracticable, it would have been better to have designed the Polar expeditions for the purpose of reaching the highest degree of latitude possible.

On Monday, Dr. Hayes, of the Kane Arctic expedition, addressed the Scientific Association at Baltimore, on this subject, and also in reply to Dr. Rink of Denmark, who has recently, in London, denied the discoveries and observations of Dr. Kane's expedition.

"Dr. Hayes announced his firm belief that there was an open Polar Sea beyond the ice-belt that thus far had prevented actual access to the Pole, which was indicated by many discoveries of the Russians above Siberia, of the English above Spitzbergen, and by the Americans through Smith's Strait. The effort to reach the Pole across the ice-belt had been four times seriously essayed: By the Russians in 1810 from the Kolyms, and again in 1822 from the Lena, each time in sledges drawn by dogs; by the English under Parry in 1827, from Spitzbergen, in boat-sledges drawn by men; and by the Americans under Dr. Kane in 1853, in sledges drawn by dogs. The last had been so far successful as to discover an open sea in a latitude north of any point where open water had before been seen, and above the belt of ice."

With regard to this open water, Dr. Hayes stated that by late advices from Europe he had learned that Dr. Rink of Copenhagen had appeared before the Royal Geographical Society of London and questioned the discovery. Dr. Hayes had not learned the data upon which Dr. Rink founded his objections, and he would leave all inquiries which might arise upon this point to be assumed by the facts which he would present in the course of his remarks—facts which he believed to be indisputable.

Besides this actual discovery, there were many facts which are utterly incapable of exposition, except by the confession of such a sea.

1. The bird life of the high Arctic regions. Morton saw the cliffs of the open sea swarming with water fowl. The speaker had often observed birds flying to the northward over the ice-belt in the Spring, evidently to produce their young in some warmer region, and their instinct would have drawn them thither, unless in that direction open water would be found.

2. That a milder climate prevailed above 78° of latitude was suggested by the isothermal curves. Of course no one dreamed of finding a torrid climate at the Pole. The speaker conjectured that at the Pole the climate would be found far unlike that which is experienced on the parallel of 66°.

3. The plants that were gathered by Dr. Kane about 81° indicated a warmer climate than that of several degrees lower. But the climate could only be warmer there owing to the presence of open water at least during a greater annual period than further to the south. The point of extreme cold he thought to be about 78°.

4. The Equimaux traditions all point to the North as the place of their origin.

5. Numerous observations show that the great body of polar water is permanently above the freezing point. The deep water in Baffin's Bay flows toward the Pole as the Northward drift of the deep icebergs shows.

But was it practicable to attempt the exploration of this open sea? Failures had always occurred when the attempts were made by the East of Greenland routes. Kane's route alone he thought was practicable, and by it he believed there was no insurmountable obstacle to complete success. Parry's attempt failed because he found that the ice over which he was hurrying was drifting to the southward so fast as to leave him no headway—an argument in itself to show that beyond it, northward, was some open body of water forcing it down.

Dr. Hayes detailed the course to be pursued to achieve this climax of discovery—to complete the efforts to explore the Polar Sea. The expedition would require two years for its operations, and in view of the rich and valuable experience of the last, he could not but deem it probable that the next attempt would prove successful.

There was needed for the expedition one vessel of 100 tons, equipped for two and a half years, and 12 men. It would greatly add to the convenience of the party to be provided with a small steam tender of thirty tons, with a shifting screw except for the necessity of conveying provisions, even so large a vessel as one of 100 tons would not be necessary.

The party should leave the States early in April, giving time to lay in additional fresh provisions on the Greenland coast, and so materially to reduce the cost of outfit. Before the last of August it should push up Smith's Sound to the ice-belt, with the intention of wintering as high as the 80th parallel if possible. Smith's Sound, fortunately for this route, runs diagonally to the course of the general current—thus operating to keep Grinnell's Land free of floating ice, so that this western shore it might be possible to work the steam-tender through the leads left by the southward drifting ice, even into the heart of the Polar Sea. But this was a doubtful reliance on which they would not too much depend. It would be necessary by three or four journeys with the dog-sleds to make depots of provision as high in Grinnell's Land as the 82d parallel. This was perfectly feasible; each dog could be depended on to carry 70 pounds weight, 32 miles a day, on a ration of thirteen ounces of pemmican. In April, the party should leave the vessel, the men conveying the boats upon sledges until (and the inference was that it would be by the middle of May) the ice-belt had been crossed and the open sea reached. Experience had shown that over the smooth ice, this was likely to be, men could easily walk 16 miles a day dragging on sledges a weight of 110 pounds for each. Dr. Kane sailed too early to avail himself of the wonderful advantages now furnished in the concentrated fresh meats and vegetables, for protecting from and curing the scurvy.

He hoped to winter far to the northward of his vessel in snow-house, and with the aid of a team of dogs, to determine something with reference to the mid-winter condition of the Circum-polar Sea. Dr. Rae had spent two winters in the snow-house without any fire for purposes of warmth. Dr. Hayes himself had passed the months of October, November and December in a snow-house, using no fire whatever for purposes of warmth.

The bones of the musk-ox that had been found gave indications that this animal—extinct in the lower latitudes—still abounds in the higher and unexplored Northern regions. Whales, which have lately been fast disappearing from about Baffin's Bay and Spitzbergen, he conjectured had been driven through the loose ice of the belt into their ice-locked circumpolar fortress. Kane saw white whale passing from the South northward through Wellington Channel in October.

While, said he, our flag is being conveyed to the unknown wilds of the Rocky Mountains, the Cordilleras and the Andes, under the shades of the palms and mangos of the broad Amazon, over the pampas of the Parana and La Plata,

while it bears to every quarter of the world the olive-branch of peaceful enterprise and scientific research, we should not be unmindful that it now floats over the black and rocky heights of the most northern land of our own planet, inviting effort.

Dr. Hayes sat down amidst long-continued applause. The Association seemed quite willing to commit itself to the project of Dr. Hayes. It is understood that he hopes to organize his expedition by the Spring of 1860, and does not anticipate that it will cost, in money, over \$30,000.

## Sabbath Reading.

BEECHER'S "LIFE THOUGHTS."

We make the following extracts from this work recently noticed in our columns:

Everything is entered, like every house, through its own door.

A man in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority, though he be alone.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of Truth set up and stuffed.

Love is ownership. We own whom we love.

Night-labor in time will destroy the student; for it is marrow from his own bones which he fills his lamp.

The superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to signalize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

I think half the curses for which men go slouching in prayer to God, are caused by their intolerable pride. Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

A Christianity which will not help those who are struggling from the bottom to the top of society, needs another Christ to die for it.

Success is of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessor, so much as they bring duties.

There is always the need for a man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go.

Christ never seems to us so sweet and glorious, as when he orbs himself over the sea of our sinfulness and ingratitude.

With every child we lose we see deeper into life, as with every added lens we pierce farther the sky.

God puts the excess of hope in one man in order that it may be a medicine to the man who is despondent.

The stream of life forks; and religion is apt to run in one channel, and business in another.

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to grate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleaned, and wound up, and set to true time.

In the morning, we carry the world, like Atlas; at noon, we stoop and bend beneath it; and at night, it crushes us flat to the ground.

When flowers are full of heaven descended dew, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

It is with the singing of a congregation as with the sighing of the wind in the forest, where the notes of the million rustling leaves, and the boughs striking upon each other, altogether make a harmony, no matter what be the individual discords.

Not parties, but principles. Let us be of no party but God's party, and use all other agencies as we use railroad cars—traveling upon one train as far as it will take us in the right direction, and then leaving it for another.

When we think of the labor required to rear the few that are our households,—the weariness, the anxiety, the burden of life,—how wonderful seems God's work! for he carries heaven, and earth, and all realms in his bosom.

A man may aspire, and yet be quite content until it is time to rise. A bird that sits patiently while it broods its eggs flies bravely afterwards, leading up its timid young. And both flying and resting are but parts of one contentment. The very fruit of the Gospel is aspiration. It is in the human heart what spring is to the earth; making every root, and bud, and bough desire to be more.